

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 14. NO. 2

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1896.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

Chas. E. CRUSOE
& COMPANY.



**Ladies' Wrappers
and Skirt Dresses.**

We carry the largest
line, best styles and
most perfect fitting
garments in the North-
west. We can fit any
form—22 bust meas-
ure to 42.

Indigo Blue, Fast color
Wrappers.....\$.79
American Print Wrap-
pers.....1.00
Persian Style, big
sleeve Wrappers...1.50
Fine Lawn, big
sleeve.....1.50

**A Special Sale
of Black Dress Goods**

to stir things up a bit.

We have gone through the
black dress goods stock, and
found quite a few lots of extra
good things that we had a
surplus of. There is only one
way—give you the biggest
share of the profit and the
surplus stock will melt away.

Items follow:

35 in. all wool black Serge, 40
cent value.....27½ cts.
44 in. all wool black Serge, 50
cent value, Special.....35 cts.
44 in. all wool black Serge, 60
cent value, Special.....40 cts.
50 in. all wool black Serge, 85
cent value, Special.....65 cts.

Advance Sale

Ladies' Shirt Waists

49 cts.

See Our Show Window.

CHAS. E. CRUSOE & CO.

New Bank Block.

Rhineland, Wis.

THE BIOGRAPHY COLUMN.

To live beyond the Biblical allotment of three score years and ten, and to be possessed in all those years of an observing mind, a retentive memory, and the ability to intelligently portray his recollections, would give to any man all the requirements of a pleasing entertainer. Especially of one whose observations and recollections of men and ideas have been particularly concise is this true, and therefore an hour's talk with T. V. Newell, whether it be upon the early history of Rhineland, the territorial days of the State, or the gold-craze in California, will always prove of interest and value to any who are fortunate enough to procure it.

In 1884 Rhineland had arrived at the dignified stage of having the world look upon it as possessed of its ultimate growth. Property was hardly on the increase here then.



T. V. NEWELL.

The outlook for lumber was poor, and the outlook for the town no better. Lots, which had sold for \$150 a couple of years before, could be bought back for the same price. But few additions to the several hundred population came to the place along about that time, and those who bought then and stayed by it made money, without exception, by the transaction. Mr. Newell came during the latter part of that year and engaged in the general store business. He followed that a little less than twelve years, when he sold out and purchased the Onida House corner, which has since proven to him a splendid investment. He conducted the hotel himself for a time, when he retired from active business and has since looked after his property, and enjoyed the well-earned rest which his years of labor and trials have brought him.

Mr. Newell has had an exceedingly interesting career, and has been up and down with the fortunes of life many times. He is a native of Massachusetts, and there labored through an apprenticeship as carpenter and cabinet-maker. He came to Ripon, Wisconsin, in 1841, and for five years worked at his trade there and at Berlin. In 1849 the gold fever caught him, along with eleven other young men of that locality, and they started on a journey across the plains. All of them excepting Mr. Newell quit at the Mississippi River. He fell in with another party whose destination was the gold field, and with them made the journey across the continent. He stayed in California eight years and was prosperous and poverty-stricken from day to day, as the gold hunters were in those times. He left the coast in 1857 and returned to his family in the East, bringing them back with him as far as Aurora, Ill., where he settled down and engaged in business, which ceased suddenly at the breaking out of the war, when he went to the front with the Thirty-Sixth Volunteers, and remained to the close of the campaign with that regiment, which was part of the army of the Cumberland. At the close of the war, Mr. Newell again went to Berlin with his family and remained until 1871, most of the time being engaged in the lumber business. In 1880 he cast his fortunes with a restaurant at Eau Claire where he stayed until he came to Rhineland.

It is a peculiar fact that in all his residence here, while he has been an active and consistent worker for the place and has taken an undiminished interest in all the matters of town or city government, he has never held an office. He has been identified with many movements for the advancement of the city, and has been a constant and consistent giver for anything that would tend to the city's welfare. He has always taken an active part in politics, from Na-

tional to town. He is a man who is universally respected. He has never taken occasion nor advantage of any opportunity offered to offend any one, and has always striven with uniform success to deal fairly by all. He was in at the start with the place, and is as interested to-day in its welfare as he was then. He carries the burden of many years and much toil with a lightness that is remarkable.

Men's new spring caps at the Cash Department Store.

Paul Browne has been nursing the grip for a week past.

D. K. Jeffris was in the city last Friday on business.

John Ferlon was over from Hazelhurst last Saturday.

Miss R. Rhodes, professional nurse, Box 200, Rhineland, Wis.

W. D. Harrigan was laid up with a cold several days last week.

All the latest styles of men's collars at 10 cents each at the Cash Department Store.

Low McBride, Hazelhurst's popular landlord, was in the city yesterday on business.

Mrs. J. W. Deane, of New London, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Irvin Gray, this week.

The Cash Department Store tell of bargains all the time and back up the telling with bargains.

M. J. O'Reilly was over to Minneapolis Saturday on business for the Brown Bros. Lumber Co.

Spring styles of men's hats may now be seen in many different makes at the Cash Department Store.

Mrs. Feasel came in from Lake George, Saturday, and visited among her friends in this city for a few days.

We notice the same hats at the Cash Department Store for \$1.00 and \$1.50 that other merchants ask \$2.00 and \$2.50 for.

A. G. Hunter was confined to his home several days this week, suffering from a catarrhal trouble and neuralgia of the head.

The Cash Department Store aims to handle the same lines of gent's furnishings goods that our other merchants do, that you may see how much cheaper they are in price on the same goods.

Small profits and quick sales is certainly the rule of the Cash Department Store; at least we judged so when we ran one pile of 100 dozen of men's shirts ranging in price from 19 cents to 37 cents each.

Men know little about household economy nor realize what a great revenue it is. It's the enterprising little woman who looks after that end of domestic affairs and eagerly watches for the Cash Department Store's money-saving offerings.

Wm. Sustin, of London, England, is visiting his sisters, Mrs. Frank and Chas. Rogers, in this city, for a short time. Mr. Sustin came to the United States last August, and has spent most of the time since then traveling, and has visited most of the points of special interest in the U.S. A portion of the winter was spent in the southern states. He expresses himself as much pleased with this country. His family are still in London, and he will return there. He expects to sail from New York next Monday.

Ed. Brown broke all records at the gun club shoot Tuesday. Instead of clay pigeons breaking, the guns took a turn at it and two of them bursted and, as luck would have it, Ed. held them both when it happened. No one was injured, strange as it may seem, but it was a noticeable fact that members of the club owning the new model Winchester shot gun did not use them after Ed.'s experience. J. J. Beardon made the best score, breaking 21 out of 25 pigeons thrown from the trap.

A canvass among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such, is freely prescribed by physicians. As a croup medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the Graphic has repeatedly known Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kimball S. D. GRAPHIC. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle at Palace Drug Store.

Vicegerent C. F. Smith.
(Mississippi Valley Lumberman.)

The Vicegerent Snark for the state of Wisconsin must necessarily be a personage of distinguished appearance and a man that is well and favorably thought of. No man can throw stones or brickbats at the present incumbent of that office, Mr. C. F. Smith, secretary of the Rib River Lumber Company, of Rhineland, Wis., better known all through the state of Wisconsin as plain "Cash" Smith, as he fills these requirements. "Cash" is one of those innocent looking, full-grown men, who look anywhere from twenty-two to fifty years old. That inspiring countenance of his has often caused the smart men from the city to walk off half a block and look at "Cash" Smith for fifteen minutes and wonder what they had struck.

Hon. C. F. Smith, president of the city council of the city of Rhineland and formerly mayor of the city of Antigo, does not do this for a living, but merely to put in his time in the evenings. He looks after the logging timber interests of their business, mostly. "Cash" Smith has a knowledge of the state of Wisconsin, and especially on the Wisconsin river and its tributaries, that most any manufacturer would be glad to have. He commenced when quite a small boy to paddle his own canoe, and when he was still in his teens was logging on his own hook. He does some pretty extensive operating and does it with the ease of a man who never had anything to bother him. The fact is "Cash" is one of those even-tempered fellows who take things as they come and make the best of them. Everybody likes him, and there is hardly a lumber jack in the northern woods who would not do anything in his power for Mr. Smith.

He is a typical Wisconsin lumberman. He also dips a little in politics and numbers among his friends in the state such men as Governor Upham, Secretary of State Casson, Attorney-General Mylrea and Congressman Alexander Stewart; and were he an office-seeker, he could now be chief of police or could hold any other high salaried office desirable to the state of Wisconsin. Mr. Smith is a loyal and true Hoo-Hoo, and is a man who has conducted the office he now holds with honor to himself and to the order. The one thing Mr. Smith regrets is that his duties at home may make it rather inconvenient for him to give sufficient time to enable him to take care of the would be Attends in the state of Wisconsin; but he is right in line, and will be heard from through the concatenations. There is no jollier lumberman in the north or south, or one who has more fun at his own expense. Hoo-Hoo will continue to grow in Wisconsin under his guardianship. Upon the occasion of the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Retail Dealers' Association at Milwaukee on March 17, a concatenation will be held in that city under Mr. Smith's auspices.

She Paid The Wager.

We clip the following Madison item from the Milwaukee Sentinel of Tuesday:

In 1875 Mrs. W. E. Brown, of Rhineland, was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, and a year later Mrs. John M. Olin of this city was given her degree from the same institution. The two ladies were roommates at Ladies' hall while attending the university, and Mrs. Brown, in a friendly way, wagered a dinner with Mrs. Olin that twenty years elapsed. The wager was written on the back end of the table drawer in the room, and as time passed was forgotten. The other day, the girls now occupying the room found the record of wager and wrote to Mrs. Brown. To-night Mrs. Brown paid the wager by giving a dinner at the hotel Van Etta. Covers were laid for twelve. Mrs. D. E. Carson, who was preceptress of Ladies' hall at the time Mrs. Olin and Mrs. Brown were attending the university, was among those present. Mrs. Brown is the wife of W. E. Brown, the well-known Rhineland lumberman, and before her marriage was Miss Juliet Meyer, of Lancaster. Mrs. Olin is the wife of John M. Olin of this city, who is one of the best known attorneys of the state and is professor of real property in the Wisconsin University Law school.

Half Rates to Milwaukee.

On account of the Republican State Convention, the North-Western Line will, on March 17 and 18, sell excursion tickets from stations in Wisconsin to Milwaukee and return at half rates—one fare for the round trip—good for return passage until March 20, 1896, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y. ml2

Miss Mable Chalfee spent Sunday in Ashland.

Bicycle shoes for ladies and men at the Cash Department Store.

Rudolph Otto, of State Line, Wis., did business in the city yesterday.

Joe Kathian, came down from Eagle Saturday. He returned Monday.

A thirteen pound baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duffy yesterday.

James Boland has finished his logging contract at Malvern. He broke camp last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Jewell are rejoicing over a bouncing boy baby which arrived Monday.

Mrs. P. J. Kutzer returned to Antigo yesterday after a short visit with her daughters, Mrs. John Barnes and Mrs. Jennie Deane.

Claude Shepard returned home Monday from New London where he had been for a week's visit with relatives and friends.

Geo. Jewell is building a neat cottage in the sixth ward. When completed he will move his family and reside there.

Miss Minnie McDonald is back at her old stand in the New North office, after a month's visit with her parents at Chippewa, Mich.

Biggest stock of spring goods ever brought to the city. Lowest prices. Come in and see the goods, it won't cost you a cent.

CHAS. E. CRUSOE & CO.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lewis and children, of Antigo, were in the city over Sunday, guests of the families of H. H. Lewis and Paul Browne.

O. W. Ireland, of Oshkosh, general manager of the Bankers Life Ass'n, was in the city Monday and Tuesday in the interest of that company.

Irvin Gray is in Chicago this week selecting his spring stock. Mr. Gray intends to put in a larger stock of dress goods this spring than ever before.

If you wish to know something about the different sizes of rubber boots just look in one of the show windows at the Cash Department Store.

Last Saturday Gilles and Fred Coon received the sad news that their only sister, Mrs. Perrine, had died, quite suddenly, at her home in Plainfield. They left on the limited, Sunday night, for Plainfield to attend the funeral.

No matter what other merchants tell you about prices, be sure you know what you can do at the Cash Department Store before you leave your money elsewhere.

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. F. Moore gave a "coffee" at the home of Mrs. F. H. Johnson. A general invitation was extended to the ladies of the city, and it was generously patronized. It was one of those pleasant affairs which the "every-day-dollar" plan has inaugurated.

MARRIED—In this city, March 4, 1896, by C. M. Olson, Police Justice, Mr. William Priebe and Miss Louisa Black, both of the Town of Pelican. Mr. Priebe is well known in the town, where he has lived for the past six years, and his friends join in wishing him a happy married life.

Young ladies if you wish the latest and nicest goods for spring wear don't fail to go to the Cash Department Store where you can get the largest assortment in fancy dress silks, Persian shirt waists, and dress goods of every description at the lowest of prices.

The "Brownies" entertainment held in the opera house Monday and Tuesday evenings, had a large attendance on the first evening but the last night there was a very small house. The play is a novel one, and in the rendition given here the costumes and effects altogether were good. Taken all in all the little ones did well.

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

STABBED BY A COMPANION.

Fred Roberson Almost Fatally Injured in a Saloon Brawl.

The Tremont House sample room, located near the "Soo" depot, was the scene of a bloody encounter last Monday night. A number of men were drinking at the bar, and as is usually the case under these conditions, the liquor soon began to work. One of the party, a man named Henry Pierson, seemed to be considerably under the influence of the intoxicant, and wanted trouble. His wishes were not gratified immediately however, and he did no damage of any consequence until the door opened and Fred Roberson came in. Something about the man seemed to enrage Pierson, and, drawing a knife from his pocket he sprang at Roberson and struck at his throat with the weapon which cut a gash about four inches long, the knife being stopped by coming in contact with the jaw bone. The weapon gleamed again, this time cutting open the victim's arm and then his breast where it came in contact with a rib. The injured man fell to the floor and his fall seemed to bring the spectators to their senses. One of them picked up a chair and struck Pierson on the head, knocking him down. He was then dragged to a room and locked in. The police found him soon after and he was taken to the jail. He is held for trial pending the result of Roberson's injuries. The injured man lies at his home on the North Side and his condition is very serious. He has been a resident of this city for several years, and has been employed in the mills. His assailant has been a resident here off and on for some time and has worked at different jobs. He is a single man.

Hazelhurst.

The ungraded teachers of Oneida county convened at Hazelhurst, Friday and Saturday of last week. A very interesting program was prepared by Superintendent Mason, for the benefit of Young America and the greatest of enthusiasm was manifested by those present. Two very able papers were presented to the convention on the subject of "Attention," by Miss Drown, of McNaughton, and Miss Kimball, of Harshaw. Both papers showed the young ladies to be thoroughly interested in their work and reflected credit upon it. Supt. Mason complimented the papers very highly.

On Friday evening an old-fashioned spelling match was held, in which nearly everyone participated. Sides were chosen by two little girls, and with Mr. Mason as teacher they commenced. It was a battle royal for a while when "guttural," with its harsh sound, refused to come out and the remainder of both sides sat down.

On Saturday morning, after a short session, the convention adjourned to meet some future day. Those in attendance were the Misses Carey and O'Hara, of Pelican, Mason, of Rhineland, Kimball, of Harshaw, Drown, of McNaughton, Noonan, of Woodboro, and Mr. Anderson, of Hazelhurst.

Mr. J. C. White was in Chicago last week visiting friends.

Mr. Geo. Whitney was in Rhineland Sunday.

J. W. Ferlon is out of town on a business trip.

Quite a number of the teachers of Oneida county were in town on Friday and Saturday attending convention.

Mr. Oliver Russell ran over to spell Friday night, but sat down on "ellipse."

Mr. Low McBride was in Minocqua Saturday.

Prof. J. W. Watson's great show gave a performance at the Town Hall Tuesday night. Principally Japanese juggling, top spinning and balancing was the program and enjoyed by all. Prof. Watson, being sick, did not appear.

GIRL WANTED—A girl to do general house work. Good wages. Inquire at the home of S. S. Miller, near the Congregational church, city.

WANTED—A competent girl for general housework. Inquire at J. D. Day's.

FOR SALE—Cheap, one cow.

BOY WANTED—To learn printer's trade. Inquire at this office.

Fifteen (15) cents a bushel in all Spafford & Cole ask for the finest potatoes in the land.

THE TOOTH OF SIVA.

BY GEORGE C. FARQUHAR.

"I reckon this trip is a downright failure," exclaimed Louis Henley, irritably, as he sat with his friend, Dr. Worrall, in their tent one night, after a ten hours' stalk in the desolate region at the foot of the Himalayas. "I vote we give it up as a bad job and make tracks homeward."

"We've been unlucky, that's all," turned Dr. Worrall. "There are about, for we came across the to-day up the lake. NORTH."

"What's that thing?" "The fact that the mountain peaks are not as high as we thought they were. The Green Bay Gazette rises to inquire when it was struck last."

The first practical application of Prof. Roentgen's X-rays is now being made by the Democratic party in searching for flaws in the apportionment bill.

Some scientist has discovered that the earth is likely to be struck by a comet once every fifteen million years. The Green Bay Gazette rises to inquire when it was struck last.

The Tomahawk Blade evidently misconstrues the meaning of the New North's article relative to the clamorous McKinley men, who are not McKinley men, and wants to know who should be allowed to run things in the interests of the Oldham. The New North and the Blade agree exactly on the proposition that politicians, who simply desire to keep to the front, and therefore take advantage of the McKinley sentiment to hold their position, should not be allowed to run anything in this connection. It is the voters who want McKinley—not the politicians—and the voters are the ones who should have the entire say.

A convention of representatives from a dozen or more counties, at Eau Claire last week, formed what is known as the Chippewa Valley Immigration Society, and decided to publish a journal in the interests of that locality, which will set forth its advantages and attempt to secure for the Valley a number of desirable settlers. The move is one in the right direction and will result in diversifying the localities as it needs to be done. The Wisconsin valley should follow suit, and as soon as practicable no doubt a convention of the counties of this Valley will be held, and some steps made for furthering the interests of all.

ments and dislikes. If Governor Upham's administration has been a good one; if his appointments have been up to the average; if his acts as governor have been satisfactory to the people at large, we do not believe that they will be interested or moved by politicians or others who desire to prevent his re-nomination, simply because he has not displayed the politician's tact in satisfying disappointed applicants for favors of position, and in doing public matters in a way other than a more skilled man of public affairs might do them. It is his acts themselves which will tell with the people, and we believe that Governor Upham has the confidence of the masses in that he can be safely relied upon to do the right thing in any given set of premises, according to his own honest judgment. The manner in which he arrives at that decision is not one in which people, except those directly interested, will evince much concern nor harbor resentments for.

The Milwaukee Sentinel interviewed members of the legislature with regard to the opposition to Gov. Upham in their various districts, and the result of the interviews, briefly stated, was that there was opposition in a great many localities in the State, but almost universally the cause of the opposition was not stated. In an editorial upon the question, the Sentinel very appropriately says that the opposition to the Governor and the balance of the administration appears to be purely a personal matter, not one in which the public at large is likely to be interested, nor one which should cause the comment that it does. As a matter of fact, Governor Upham has been subjected to a great deal of censure that is entirely undeserved. He has been criticized for acts of the legislature and for his own acts, when criticism has really been unfair. His appointments and decisions with regard to government have hardly ever been questioned, but the manner of his making them has sometimes led to personal enmities. We do not think that the people of the state at large are interested in the question of personal disappoint-

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In an interview published Saturday, Hon. E. B. Coe states that while in no sense he is a candidate for the chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee, he should consider it his duty to take the high office if it were offered him by the party. The party will certainly do a wise thing in asking Mr. Coe to take it, as they undoubtedly will. He has had years of experience in the politics of the state, and has always borne a good reputation as being clean, honorable and industrious. He will give us a campaign for the whole party's good, and the more of such men who direct politics, the better it will be, not only for the Republicans, but for the entire country. We are for E. B. Coe for chairman every time.

It looks very much as though Wisconsin's four delegates at large to St. Louis would be: Ex-Governor Board, Senator Stuart, of Menominee, Major Schofield, of Oconto, and some representative of Milwaukee. As to who that representative will be, there is a wide diversity of opinion. Some even go so far as to say that no matter what Milwaukee county wants, Milwaukee county cannot have anybody except a man who is picked by the state at large. Milwaukee county will probably agree on some man, no matter how spirited the contest before their county convention, and whoever Milwaukee prefers should be named as a delegate at large, no matter who people throughout the state desire. It is very much unrepresentative for a Republican in one locality to seek to name a favorite son in another.

The question of local politics is one which seems to interest the people but little more than the Cuban rebellion. It is queer that with the selection of city officers so near at hand this should be the case, but there seems to be not only a dearth of candidates, but a dearth of suggestions as well. Last week the Herald printed a blank vote asking its readers to fill it out with some candidate for mayor, hoping in that way, no doubt, to secure an expression of opinion from its readers. We think the plan a good one. It is one that is being carried on in many cities, and in order to help it along, we publish this week in another column a blank which can be cut out of the New North and sent to this office, and each week we will publish the results received. There are any number of good men who would acceptably fill the position, and no good man who is called to the place should refuse it. Will Fendler, Giles Coon, J. W. McCormick, Charles Chase, T. B. McIndoe, E. O. Brown, Irvin Gray, John Barnes, C. F. Smith, D. B. Stevens, W. E. Ashton, and a dozen others we might mention would make good officials, and no doubt our readers will have no difficulty in deciding on a favorite. Be sure that you vote at least once in the matter, because your say-so here counts as much as any one's else.

The New Apportionment. The special session of the Legislature to reapportion the State ended last week by the adoption of the bill reported by the committee. The apportionment is certainly a much more fair and just one than that which preceded it, and we think in the main it is one as nearly perfect as it is possible to make on the lines laid down by the Supreme Court decision. The validity of it is likely to be tested by the Democrats, and it is to be hoped that it will. No one wants an unconstitutional apportionment to stand, and if it is not right, the court can instruct the Legislature and the representatives will make no effort to do different than to obey the court's instructions. So far as the arrangement of districts pertaining to this locality is concerned, the new apportionment is highly satisfactory. It puts Oneida county in a senate district consisting of Florence, Forest, Langlade, Vilas, Oneida, Price, Taylor and Lincoln counties. The district is compact, with like interests, and a mutual acquaintance that is necessary for good representation. Oneida county is in the center of the district, has nearly as many Republican votes as any other county, and will be a factor instead of an adjunct to the district.

In the Assembly matter, we are joined with Price and Vilas counties, which makes an excellent district. As in the Senate, we are here too in the center, and the arrangement is much more satisfactory than the old one to both Republicans and Democrats. For this excellent situation, the people of the district have to thank their representative, Mr. Yanky, who secured its adoption against the pressure of many counties outside, which desired to unite with some counties in these districts.

My Choice for Mayor is

Cut this out on line of border and mail to New North. No signature necessary. Simply write name of man you want for mayor.

BRIDE'S GREATEST PLAY.

The Story of His Manipulation of the Nickel Plate Road.

Bride's greatest play was building the Nickel Plate. He put in every dollar he could get, and there came a time when he had to sell. He went to Vanderbilt, whose road the Nickel Plate paralleled. Vanderbilt would not buy the Nickel Plate. He said he could afford to wait the first mortgage foreclosure and buy it from the sheriff. "If you don't buy it, Jay Gould will," said Bride. "Oh, no, he won't," said Vanderbilt. Bride then went to Gould. He knew that he did not want the Nickel Plate, but he had a beautiful scheme to propose. He knew Vanderbilt would buy the road before he would allow Gould to get in. Bride thereupon told Gould that if he would sit silent and not contradict, neither affirm nor deny, any newspaper articles to the effect that he was going to buy the Nickel Plate, and after this clamlike silence had continued for a week, if he would then ride slowly over the Nickel Plate in an observation car, Vanderbilt would buy the road, and he would give Gould \$500,000.

It struck Gould that the whole thing would be a majestic joke on Vanderbilt. The papers said that Gould was going to buy the Nickel Plate. Gould, when questioned, looked wise. At the end of a week he meandered, smilelike, over the Nickel Plate in the rear end of an observation car and had all the air of a man who was looking at a piece of property. Stories were wired about Gould's trip from every water tank and way station along the line, and, before Gould had reached Chicago, Vanderbilt, in a fit of hysteria, wired Bride that he would take the Nickel Plate. He did so, and Bride was saved.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A SOCIETY ITEM.

A Striking Object Lesson in the Ethics of Nomenclature.

It was at the Emerald Ball, and the young society reporter sharpened her wits and her pen, that fall and satisfactory description of each costume might be presented. Surrounding her were those most desirous of seeing their names and gowns in print, and in the crowd stood a shaggy, grizzled, in fimsy pink cheesecloth of indescribable cut.

When her turn came for inspection, it was with a Lopeles eye that the reporter surveyed the toilet. The artificial question, however, was asked, as usual: "And your name and gown?"

"Miss Matilda Jenkins, attired in pink crepon and diamonds," was the studied and prompt reply.

"Pink crepon," wrote the newspaper woman, delighted with the new and elegant name for cheesecloth. But her pencil refused to add "and diamonds" until her quick eyes had discovered on the girl's collar a tiny rhinestone as big as a pinhead. Then "and diamonds" went down in the notebook as proudly as if announcing tiaras and stomachers of purest luster.

The next day all the girls behind a notion counter exclaimed enviously over a well worn newspaper clipping which read, "Miss Matilda Jenkins, attired in pink crepon and diamonds," and when the society reporter glanced over the printed words she felt never a pang as to the accuracy of the information she had given to the public.—New York Times.

De Tally and His Books.

The side on which I was most capable of appreciating Lord de Tally's gifts as a collector was the bibliographical. If I am anything of a connoisseur in this direction, I owe it to his training. His zeal in the amassing of early editions of the English poets was extreme; he was one of those who think nothing of hanging about a bookshop at 6 o'clock in the morning waiting for the shutters to be taken down. But his zeal was eminently according to knowledge. He valued his first edition for the text's sake, not for the rare fact of rarity. Every book he bought he read, and with a critical gusto. A little anecdote may illustrate his spirit as a collector. In 1877 he secured, by a happy accident, a copy of Milton's "Poems" of 1645, a book which he had never met with before.

too eager to wait for the post, he sent a messenger round to my house with a note to announce not merely the joyful fact, but—this is the interesting point—a discovery he had made in the volume—namely, that the line in the "Nativity Ode," which in all later editions has run—
Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing.
originally stood—
The enamel'd arras of the rainbow wearing.
"which," as he said, "is a grand mouthful of sound and ever so much better than the weak 'like glories.'"—Contemporary Review.

Diamantines.

A very attractive ornamental art of recent introduction is, as stated, the production of an imitation beadwork on fabrics of various kinds by means of what is known as glass powder, or "diamantine," the result being patterns which present an appearance similar to that exhibited by glass beads on close or open meshed fabrics. The method of operation in carrying out this idea is said to be simple—that is, the fabric is coated by means of molting boards with resinous substances, composed of, say, 60 parts of guaiacum and 30 parts of shellac, dissolved in 100 parts of alcohol, 10 parts of glycerin being added to the solution, under continuous stirring. After the composition has been carefully distributed over the surface of the fabric the glass powder is strewn on it and firmly pressed by repeated rolling, etc., the glass powder being prepared by thorough pulverizing or pounding, and may be of any or many colors.—New York Sun.

Conjugal Felicities.

"Mabel, I sometimes think you only married me for my money."
"These lucid intervals are encouraging."—Harlem Life.

Got Their Licenses.

There is an ancient law in Rhode Island, which, however, is almost forgotten, requiring clergymen to take out a license before officiating at marriages. The other day Father O'Hare and Mr. Stewart, the Episcopal rector of Auburn, went to the town clerk for this license. At first the town clerk was much puzzled what to do, as he had no proper license blanks, but he finally got over the difficulty, and the clergymen departed. After they had got on a street car they opened their licenses, and each was horrified to find himself in the possession of a full fledged second class liquor license, with power to run a liquor shop subject to all the privileges and penalties of the law. A closer inspection of the license, however, showed that the words "second class liquor license," giving power to sell "malt, spirituous and intoxicating liquors" at retail or wholesale, had had a line drawn through them, and instead of the words "to sell malt, spirituous and intoxicating liquors" were interlined the words "to perform marriages," and so forth.

Each clergyman made a wry face as he contemplated his lattered license, and each silently vowed to exhibit it only in case of dire peril of a \$10 fine. But both blessed the ingenuity of the official that could transform a document which portends so much evil for the race, according to their views, into an instrument with power to give such happiness.—New York Tribune.

Homesteaders Excursions to the South. On February 11 and March 18, 1896, The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas and Arizona. Fortickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y. St. L.

Health and Accident Insurance.

Fidelity Mutual Aid Ass'n

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR 5 CENTS PER DAY.

WILL PAY, according to the hazard of occupation, from \$5,000 to \$25,000 a week, when unable to work through illness or accident. WILL PAY, if you are accidentally killed, \$25,000 to \$50,000.
WILL PAY, \$10,000 a week, when you are sick and unable to work.
WILL PAY, \$100,000 for funeral expenses.
WILL PAY, if you lose a hand and foot or both feet or both hands, \$125,000 to \$150,000.

If Insured

You cannot lose all your income when you are sick or disabled by accident.

Immediate protection to the member upon paying \$5.00 life membership fee and dues of \$1.00 per month.

The Fidelity Mutual Aid Association is the largest and strongest Accident and Health Association in the United States.

It has \$5,000,000 cash deposits with the states of California and Missouri, which, together with a large reserve fund and large assets, make the certificate an absolute guarantee of the safety of its protection to its members.

A two-thirds policy costs \$1.00 per month dues.

A one-third policy costs \$1.50 per quarter dues.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

F. J. BENNETT, 216 Matthews St., Milwaukee, Wis.

OF MARK M. RAYMOND, Special Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Central BARBER SHOP!

CEO. DUSEL, Proprietor.

ELEGANT BATH ROOMS.

The Shave and most centrally located shop in the city. THE place for a haircut and the most experienced barbers in the country employed.

Davenport St. 3 doors West of P. O.

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Greatest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

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ONEIDA HOUSE

CUS HORN, Prop.

Transients will find it to their advantage to give this house a trial.

Rates, One Dollar per Day

Take the \$100 Direct Route

TO—

Canadian Provinces, New England, New York, And All Points East.

Solid Vestibuled Train to Montreal. Only Through Sleeper to Boston.

"THE ATLANTIC LIMITED" EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

—AND THE—

TRUE SCENIC ROUTE, BANFF, GREAT CLACIER, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

Through Sleeping and Dining Service. Comfortable Tourist Car to Seattle without change.

"The Pacific Limited" EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. LOWEST RATES. BEST SERVICE.

For Particulars write

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C. M. CHAMBERS, Agent, Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

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Milwaukee, - Wisconsin.

Annual Linen Sale.

This year we imported expressly for this sale one of the most natable assortments of Scotch and Irish Linens ever brought here, comprising

Pattern Table Cloths and Napkins to Match, in all sizes, Fringed Napkins, 5-4 Cloths, Towels, Etc.

Annual Sale of Muslin Underwear,

Made to our order, from original designs by the world's leading manufacturers.

Annual Sale of White Goods, Embroideries Etc.

Imported direct or made to our special order, and offered at remarkably low prices.

T. A. CHAPMAN COMPANY

Milwaukee, - Wisconsin.

EVERYBODY SHOULD READ

and subscribe for a local paper in the first place to have knowledge of all official announcements and also to have at hand a paper in case of immediate neighborhood, but should not neglect to also read

A PAPER LIKE THE SENTINEL

of Milwaukee, which is its thirty-six long columns each week supplements the county paper in all matters of interest to Wisconsin people. It has a special representative in Madison, Wis., as well as local correspondents in every city of importance in Wisconsin, so that its news features as a weekly Wisconsin paper cannot be surpassed.

WHICH IS THE BEST STATE PAPER

only 75¢ a year OR 50¢ a year

Write for a free sample copy, with club rate terms and also a list of names who have subscribed. You may secure among your friends during the winter months.

The Weekly Sentinel will be sent during 1896 for 50 cents to any one who will request the publisher of his local paper to forward name and subscription price to the Milwaukee address. This offer will be open till April 1, 1896.

The publisher of The New North will accept and forward subscriptions to The Weekly Milwaukee Sentinel under this offer.

ROGERS & LOSIE

GENERAL Blacksmiths and Horse Shoers.

Fancy Horse Shoeing. Skidding Tongs and Cant-hooks a Specialty. All New Work Made to Order. Give us a Trial. Shops at Ed. Rogers' old stand.

H. LEWIS,

Wine, Liquor and Cigar

MERCHANT.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give us a call and sample goods and prices

J. Weisen's

Provision Depot

Is always stocked with reasonable goods. The finest butter, eggs and everything usual found in a provision store. Potatoes at wholesale or retail. Give us a call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place

CLARK & LENNON - Builders' and Lumbermen's Hardware!

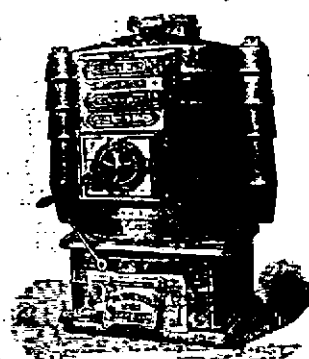


This celebrated Flour, acknowledged to have no superior anywhere, is for sale at the store of

Crane, Fenelon & Co.,

Rhineland, Wisconsin.

Give it a trial and the Flour will speak for itself.



JACKSON & LONGTON,

High Grade

PLUMBING,

Steam and Hot Water Heating.

Waterworks Construction, Laying Pipe under water and Submerged Work a Specialty.

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Dealer in

**Watches,
Jewelry,
Diamonds, Silverware,
Clocks, Etc.**

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

J. B. SCHELL,

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Foreign and Domestic Goods—the Finest.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Satisfaction in Material, Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Brown Street, RHINELANDER, WIS.

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DEALER IN

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fane's Block.

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F. A. HILDEBRAND,
FURNITURE.

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

RHINELANDER, - WIS.

THE BANK BARBER SHOP

W. A. CLARK, Proprietor.

New Bank Building, Rhineland.

Steam Heated Bath Rooms.

All work in the tonsorial line done Satisfactorily.

Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty

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NORTH BOUND.

No. 2—Daily—1:00 a. m. 1:27 p. m.

No. 4—Daily—1:12 p. m. 1:37 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 3—Daily—1:12 p. m. 1:37 p. m.

No. 5—Daily—1:12 p. m. 1:37 p. m.

H. C. BRIDGER, Agent.

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Atlantic Limited—2:17 a. m. Daily

Accommodation—2:17 p. m. Daily

Passenger—2:17 p. m. Daily

Way Freight—2:17 p. m. Daily

WEST BOUND.

Atlantic Limited—2:17 a. m. Daily

Accommodation—2:17 p. m. Daily

Passenger—2:17 p. m. Daily

Way Freight—2:17 p. m. Daily

Close connections for Tomahawk, Eau Claire, Duluth, Marquette, Monticello, Washburn, Stevens Point, Madison, Chicago and beyond and all points on C. M. & St. P. R'y. and Wisconsin Central.

C. M. CHAMBERS, Act.

Annual Meeting of the County Board of Supervisors of Oneida County.

Clerk of the circuit court's report continued from last week.

985	W. F. Cain	9.00
986	Geo. Hart	10.00
987	W. F. Cain	10.00
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1038	W. F. Cain	10.00
1039	W. F. Cain	10.00
1040	W. F. Cain	10.00
1041	W. F. Cain	10.00
1042	W. F. Cain	10.00

Total amount of orders based year ending November 12, 1905 \$1831.12.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.

ONEIDA COUNTY.

ss.

I hereby certify that the foregoing report is a true and correct statement of all certificates issued in the office of the clerk of the circuit court for the year ending this 12th day of November, 1905. Witness my hand and official seal of office this 12th day of November, 1905.

W. F. CAIN, Clerk of Circuit Court.

By E. C. STEEDMAN, Deputy.

Moved by Supervisor Porter that the report of the committee on settlement with the clerk of the circuit court be and the same is hereby accepted. Motion accepted.

Moved by Supervisor Porter that the report of the Sup't of Poor be adopted. Motion carried.

Report of committee on settlement with county officers. To the Honorable County Board of Oneida County, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:—Your committee to whom was referred the matter of settlement with the County Treasurer respectfully report that we have carefully examined the books and vouchers of the county treasurer, since the date of last report, and find the receipts and disbursements of his office since January 9, 1905, to November 1, 1905, inclusive, to be as stated in his annual report hereto annexed. We would further report that we find the books in his office kept in a workmanlike manner and all vouchers to correspond with said books. Respectfully submitted.

E. B. CROFOOT } Com.

J. C. CURRAN }

Annual report of the County Treasurer, 1905. To the Honorable County Board of Oneida County.

Gentlemen:—I respectfully submit to the following report of the receipts and disbursements of the office of the County Treasurer of Oneida County from January 9, 1905, to November 1, 1905.

RECEIPTS.

Cash received from M. Hoffman 1st settlement \$250.00

State tax received from T. of Police 221.75

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DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid state tax \$27.12

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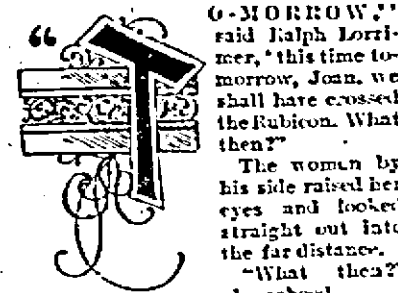
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July.	CATTLE - Steers	\$2	50	00	00
after	Cows	1	00	00	00
	Feeders	1	00	00	00
fixed	HOGS	1	00	00	00
	SHEEP	1	00	00	00

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PAINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER. • WISCONSIN.

ACCORDING TO HER LIGHTS.



He took her hand in his as he went on:

"A new life, Joan. New interests—new ties—new hopes. Isn't it so?"

"Yes," she whispered, "yes." His clasped tightened a little on the hand he held.

"It's a grave step, though, Joan," he said, "and once taken it can never be retraced. You—you have considered it well, dear? You are quite sure that you have no regrets—that you will never blame me?"

She turned to him quickly and laid her soft cheek on the big brown hand that clasped hers, with one of the pretty caressing gestures that came so naturally to her. "I have considered it well," she answered, "and I have not one regret. I am yours absolutely, now and always. Do with me as you will. I shall never blame you. Why should I?"

"Why should you?" he repeated. "Why? I don't believe there is one other woman in the world who would ask such a question at such a moment—but you are different from other women."

She looked at him gravely. "Why should I blame you?" she asked again, with simple directness; "tell me."

"Because of all that you are giving up for my sake?" he answered, in a low tone, and then he turned his head away. She went a step nearer to him.

"Ralph," she said, softly and steadily, "the woman who puts any earthly consideration before the happiness and welfare of the man she loves is not worthy the name of woman. The love that doubts and fears and counts the cost and gain is not worthy the name of love."

He looked at her, as he had often done before during their short acquaintance, with wondering tenderness not unmingled with awe.

"You're an angel, Joan," he said, slowly. "An angel—nothing less; and I'm a man—nothing more."

She smiled up in his face. "Yes, Ralph, something more—the man I love."

He looked at her again, but did not speak—he could not—and they walked on side by side, and hand in hand. Through the broad, rich pasture land, where the drowsy cattle stood knee-deep in the lush, green grass and golden buttercups, on the bank of the narrow, winding stream they went, in the serene summer dusk, and paused by the old gray ruined bridge, their favorite trying place.

Ralph leaned on the moss-grown wall and gazed down at the swift, silent waters beneath.

"Do you remember the first time we met here?" he asked. "What a contrast then and now?"

Ab! what a contrast—what a contrast, indeed! Then they had been acquaintances of a day, and now—well, now they were all in all to one another, and the morrow would mark the beginning of a new life—a life in which the conventional laws of social custom



"I HAVE CONSIDERED IT WELL."

and morality would have no part or lot. "All for love and the world well lost," was the keynote of their future.

How it came about, that was the puzzle. For Ralph Lorrimer seemed the most unlikely man in the world to go and for a woman's sake.

A big, strong, self-contained, self-reliant man, caring little or nothing for the society of women, and having many interests in life apart from and beyond merely sentimental ones. No one who knew him would have expected him to fall a victim to a grand passion, least of all would he have expected it of himself. But it is always the unexpected that happens.

He did not know what had happened; he could not attempt to explain it. It was beyond him. He only knew that the very first sight of Joan Meredith's face had filled him with such love and longing as no mortal man could withstand!

They were an oddly-assorted pair; a typical study on contrasts. He was an ambitious man of the world, imbued to a certain extent with the reckless

cynical spirit of the age. She was an idealist, a dreamer of dreams; impractical and unworlily. The spirit of the age had passed her by in her quiet country home, and she still cherished the illusions with which she had entered on woman's estate.

"Do you remember?" he asked again. "Yes, I remember," she said, in her soft voice.

He turned and looked at her as she stood there by his side, tall and straight and slender, her face a little uplifted so that the fading light lingered upon it. Such a face! Sweet and fair, and tender and true, with a wistful, sensitive mouth, and clear, steadfast eyes. The face of a woman absolutely unselfish, purely womanly, counting loss as but gain when endured for love's sake.

Something in the gaze of those innocent eyes, with their soft, unwavering light, touched him as he had never been touched in all his life before, and a great wave of remorse and shame swept over him.

"I'm a brute," he cried, "even to think of letting you make such a sacrifice for me. I ought to refuse it. I can't—I can't. I love you too well. Oh! Joan, why did you learn to love me? I am not worthy the love of such a woman as you. Or, if you must waste your heart on me, why didn't fate bring us together years ago? I could have offered you love with honor, then; now I can only offer you love with dishonor."

"But love," she said, softly; "love still."

"Yes," he answered, looking straight into her eyes; "love still—love always. Is that enough, Joan?"

She came nearer to him and put her hand on his arm. "Dear," she said, "how little you know me, even now, or you would not ask that question. Don't you understand that I like to make this sacrifice for you—that I am glad to give all I have to give for the sake of the man I love?"

She looked up at him, and the light that irradiated her face was not of this world, but the reflection of divine fires above. No shadow of regret, no lingering thought of self, no marred completeness of her contemplated sacrifice. All that she had to give she gave without grudging, and would have given ten times over, exulting in the power to give, for the sake of the man she loved.

There are natures that are predestined to martyrdom, and find their true happiness therein, and hers was one of those.

He put his hand over hers as it lay on his arm.

"The man you love," he said, "and—the man who loves you. Don't forget that, Joan. The man who loves you, I remember it always."

"Always," she echoed, softly. "The man who loves me. Yes, I know you love me, Ralph. You have told me so, and I believe you."

He looked down at her and smiled. "Well, dear, you have done as well as words to strengthen your belief. If you are giving up for the man you love, am I not also giving up for the woman I love? Not so much, perhaps—but still something."

There was a moment's pause, and then she turned to him quickly. "Are you giving up, Ralph? I don't think I realized that before. I thought—I thought you had all to gain and nothing to lose. I thought—I thought—"

"That you were to bear all the loss," he supplemented, with a grave smile. "Would that be a fair division of labor, Joan? I don't think so."

She was still looking up at him with idle, startled eyes.

"But I do—I do. And I should like to bear all the loss, Ralph; I want to bear it all. Can't I?"

He shook his head.

"No, you can't, dear—and thank God for it. I may be a selfish brute—some women say all men are—but I'm ready to bear my share of this undertaking. I have no desire to shift the whole burden on to you, Joan."

She covered her face with her hands. "I thought—I thought," she murmured, brokenly. "Oh, Ralph, you told me that you were miserable in your home life; that your marriage had been a family arrangement without love on either side, and that the constant fret and strain of living with a woman whom you disliked and despised were lowering your moral nature and making you hard and bitter and cynical. You told me that I was the only woman that you had ever loved—and that I alone could make you happy and lead you to better things. You told me all that, Ralph, or else—or else—"

"And I told you the truth," he answered, doggedly. "As there's a Heaven above us, I told you the truth. But there are worldly and practical considerations, too, Joan, though you are so unworlily and unpractical that I hardly know how to explain them to you. In life—in a man's life—there is a woman's—there are things of almost equal value with love, and those things I am giving up for you. Does that sound brutal, dear? I don't mean to be brutal, but only to prove how well I love you."

She did not move.

"What are the things?" she asked, her face still hidden in her clasped hands.

He frowned uneasily.

"Any other woman would know without asking. The things are obvious enough, though it isn't easy to put them into plain words. You are, dear, to begin with, there's the good opinion of one's fellow men, and a man who does what I am going to do must forfeit that. What do you think will be said of me in the world when this comes out? Shan't I be called a brute and an outsider, and cut by every decent man and woman of my acquaintance for the rest of my life? It isn't as if you were—as if you were—oh! you must know what I mean."

He paused.

"Is that all?" she asked. "No, dear, no," he answered, in the same uneasy way. "That isn't all. There's my career, you know. I always had a bent toward politics, and I meant to go into parliament some day. I might have made a name for myself; everyone said so—but that goes with the rest."

Another pause.

"Is that all?" she asked again. "One thing more," he said, in a lower tone; "there's—the boy. The only living creature in the world that I love—except you. The only one. Some day—as soon as he's old enough to understand, no doubt—some kind friend will tell him what his father did, and then—then perhaps he'll curse me."

Another pause—a long, long silence. Ralph turned once more to a gloomy contemplation of the rushing stream, while Joan, with her hands pressed convulsively on her throbbing brow, sought blindly for a key to the cruel problem that fate had set her to solve.

"Here by piece, little by little," she worked it out, according to her lights; paying every detail in mental review, until she had learned her lesson—but at what a cost!

All the pain and longing of a lifetime seemed to be condensed into that supreme moment. In it she touched the highest heights of suffering, the lowest depths of despair, and drained to its very dregs the bitterest cup that life could offer her. Yet not once did she falter or fail.

At last she uncovered her face and looked up with a new light in her eyes.

"Ralph," she said, solemnly, "thank God it is not too late. What was going to be can never be now. Oh! how blind I have been—how blind! I never saw things as they really are till this moment. I thought I was the means chosen by Heaven to save you from yourself and lead you to a happier and better life—when all the time I was only the bait with which the devil was angling for your soul. Oh, the bitterness of it—the bitterness and the shame! Ralph, dear, when we part to-night, we part forever as lovers; when we meet again it will be as friends. As long as I live I will be your friend, your true and faithful friend, as I pray you may be mine; but everything else is at an end. You must go back to your old life, and take up your old duties, and—and—"

"Never!" he cried. He caught her to his arms and covered her face with his kisses.

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ENGLISH CORMORANTS.

Birds with Regular Habits and Laws Relating to Strangers.

Cormorant colonies are scarce on our eastern and southeastern coast. They nest high and inaccessible cliffs in which to nest and roost together, and no such cliffs are seen from Flamborough head to Dover. The main colonies of the eastern channel are those in the chalk cliffs of the Isle of Wight. Thence the birds fly every day at dawn to their fishing grounds, and thither each night they return at dusk, with the regularity of city men traveling home by rail.

The business of the day is as carefully regulated as their times of departure and return. The roosting places on the "Main Beach" cliff at Lymington is invisible from the coast above, for at that point the brow of the cliff overhangs the sea. At daybreak the colony leaves the crag, and flying up into the tuff above, settle on a large slope which gives them a complete command for many hundreds of yards inland, and there arrange their feathers and complete their toilet after the night's repose. Then the company divide, flying in pairs or small groups, arranged in the perfect V formation, to separate and apparently predetermined fishing grounds. In the Solent fish are less plentiful than they were, and each bird seems to frequent some particular station, which it does not leave till dusk. The greater numbers fly out to sea, as if bound on a journey to France, but others are "longshore" birds, and may be seen at their posts throughout the season. Five or six haunt the bays which lie between the "Foreland" and the Nab light.

No strange cormorant is allowed to sit on these bays. If one should appear, the local bird rises from the deep, flying low and straight, charges the intruder and hurls him into the sea.

Among the anchored sea marks are one or two "caged" buoys, inside which hangs a bell. At times a cormorant squeezes through the bars, which are set so as to make it possible to enter from without, but difficult to emerge. The bird would starve if not rescued; but to open the cage and eject the cormorant is no easy matter. The buoy rolls and swings, and the cormorant, ignorant of the intended rescue, "holds the fort," defending the entrance with the greatest courage.

An ingenious Lymington fisherman recently undertook to release one of these caged cormorants. He opened the cage and approached to catch the bird. The cormorant's beak came like a pair of shears, and his aim was as swift and unerring as that with which he seizes the fish below water. But the bird was mastered, tied, and laid in the boat, though the captor's hands were cut in every direction. One pair of cormorants always frequent the harbor, where they find numbers of sand eels. These birds are far tamer than the rest, seldom rising to fly unless the small yachts and "half-raters" racing round the harbor approach within 50 yards. During a gale, when the harbor is too rough for small boats, the writer has seen a cormorant rise from the water, flap leisurely to one of the small yachts lying up just opposite the sailing clubhouse, and there sit, drying its feathers, within 25 yards of the quay.—London Spectator.

The large man wore a glossy new top hat.

A member of the exchange walked up to him, neatly lifted his hat off his head, and in a moment the newcomer saw what he supposed was his hat flying across the room.

It had been propelled by a kick. Several others made a rush at it, and it was sent hither and thither like a football.

The man looked on in amazement. Presently the hat came his way and he seized it. He gave the now dispirited headgear a brush or two with his elbow, looked it over dubiously, then put it on and started hurriedly for the exit.

Before he could make his escape the hat was again seized and again became the center of a rush.

Once more the man got the hat, clapped it on his head and was rushing away when he was intercepted by the man who had originally taken it from the visitor's head.

With great politeness the joker handed over the visitor's own hat, as glossy and perfect as if it had just come from the hatter's block, and took the old hat in return.

The visitor's surprise increased. He scrutinized the new hat. It was certainly his. Then he joined in the general laugh. He had simply been initiated into the mysteries of the local trade hat trick, the first point in which is a bit of sleight-of-hand work by which hats are changed and the stock hat, kept for the purpose, is kicked into the ring of jokers.—Buffalo Commercial.

THE HAT TRICK.

How the Members of a Board of Trade Amused Themselves.

A large, good-looking and evidently good-natured man walked into the exchange room in the board of trade building the other day, and was soon an interested, not to say anxious, spectator of what is known on exchange as "the hat trick."

The large man wore a glossy new top hat. A member of the exchange walked up to him, neatly lifted his hat off his head, and in a moment the newcomer saw what he supposed was his hat flying across the room.

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Hard to Please.

Mr. Snaggs was accosted on the street the other day by a beggar who was covered with a very remarkable mass of patched and ragged garments, and who said:

"Mister, haven't you some old clothes you could give a fellow?"

Snaggs surveyed the beggar from head to foot and then asked:

"Are not the clothes you have on old enough for you?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

STILL-HUNTING FOR BUFFALO.

The Indians Disguised Themselves in Wolf Pelt and Crept on the Herds.

It was the next morning after this hunt that the chief, Little Bear, came to my tent, just as I had finished my steak, biscuit and coffee. He brought two wolf-skin disguises, which I had before seen in his tepee. Each was made of two wolf pelts sewed together, with rounded nose and tail, and there were armholes with short skin sleeves, and leggings for the thighs, which came nearly down to the knees, the whole covering fastened to the body with deer-skin thongs.

He had before promised to take me on a "wolf hunt" after buffalo, and he now put on the largest of the coverings, and maneuvered about in front of my tent, showing the various attitudes of the wolf, in shambling along, in trotting, and in sneaking upon its prey.

His squaw, who was wielding her wevaja (fleshing knife) upon an upturned buffalo pelt pinned to the ground with wooden pegs, stopped her work and grinned approval. He certainly mimicked the wolf well; and the disguise, excepting the legs and the size, was perfect.

"Hooah!" he said, when he had shown me how to act in crawling up to game, "we go hunt um tevan that way!" pointing to the northwest up the creek.

I was glad to go upon a still hunt; for, to tell the truth, the mixed hurly-burly of the usual Ponca method, and its useless dangers, did not recommend it to me when I had had time to reflect after the excitement was over.

When Little Bear and I mounted our ponies and rode out that morning, the camp was in an uproar, as usual in the preparation for a hunt. A scout had come in with news of a big herd to the eastward, and the Indians were running in ponies, saddling and cinching them on all hands, and there was much bucking and plunging among the wild and skittish ones, as usual. Squaws were bustling about at the command of their lords and masters, and young lads, in half-leggings and short shirts, were rushing to and fro, making a great parade of helping to get the hunters started.

Little Bear must have told his leaders of the proposed hunt with me, for no one paid the slightest attention to our going out.

We jogged directly up the little valley for an hour or more; and then, in rounding a point of the hill, sighted a large band of buffalo feeding among the ravines and upon the slopes on the opposite side of the valley. There was an immense number in sight, but as the high grounds were covered as far over as we could see, we knew there must be more beyond.

Little Bear grunted with huge satisfaction, and gave me to understand in hurried words of Ponca and pigeon English that the big herds were coming down from the north.

We hustled our ponies into a ravine near at hand, and tied them to some bullberry bushes. Then, carrying our disguises and guns, the chief with his bow and arrows at his back, we slipped down the ravine into the creek channel, keeping entirely out of sight of the herd. The wind was fairly in our favor, and we kept along the bed of the stream, in which ran a little trickling brook at the bottom, until we reached the mouth of a dry run leading across the valley and through the middle of the herd.

There were such runs and ravines cutting back into the hills every half mile or so.

Up this gully we went at a jog-trot, lending low, until it became so shallow that we could begin to see the buffalo upon the hills above.

The chief then squatted and motioned me down. We put on the wolf skins, he taking the largest; for, despite his name, he was a large and powerfully made man.

Adjusting the eyeholes so that we could see plainly, we crawled out upon the open ground upon our hands and knees. Almost the first thing that happened to me was to get one of my knees filled with cactus spikes and while I writhed about trying to pull them out, I heard Little Bear growling under his breath: "Hooah! tevan heap plenty—we kill heap!"—Frank Welles Calkins, in St. Nicholas.

Almond Shelling.

An interesting and novel method of shelling almonds is being introduced at the Hatch ranch in this valley. The foreman has a force of Chinese at work in the large warehouses handling the almonds by means of a machine, which rules the nuts through at the rate of nearly two tons a day. The crop consists of about 50,000 pounds and is being handled by the bank of Livermore. Two or three Chinese work a machine, rocking the cradle back and forth, the crushed shells and kernels falling through to be shoveled into the fanning mill. Here the shells are blown off like chaff and the smooth kernels drop off the apron into the boxes. The rest of the work is sorting, picking out the waxy and broken kernels; but this has to be done by hand. Out of every 4,000 pounds of nuts 2,200 pounds of sound, whole kernels are obtained, in addition to about 50 pounds of cracked kernels, which are marketable. Last year the almond people paid three cents a pound to have their nuts shelled. This year the bank has contracted with the Chinese to shell and box the crop at one cent a pound. It is thought that next year the cost of shelling and packing can be reduced to 80 cents per 100 pounds. In previous years the work was done by hand, but the crop was smaller.—San Francisco Call.

The angler fish angles for his prey. From the upper part of his head project two long tentacles with fleshy extremities, which were about in the water and attract small fish that, approaching and attempting to seize the supposed bait, are themselves captured by the angler. Without this device to attract his prey he would probably starve to death, as he is heavy and of comparatively slow motion.

—Terrible Cold!—cried Mr. Tuckerman, as he met the minister; "everything's frozen over at last, I'm certain."

But the minister shook his head doubtfully. "You mustn't make that an excuse for staying away from church any longer," he said, warningly.

And Mr. Tuckerman was half way down the street before he saw the explanation of it.—Rockland Tribune.

One Possible Exception.

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—No, Twins.—Town Topics.

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PITH AND POINT.

—Wiggles (in love).—Why, man, her very feet are a poem." Griggs (a cynical friend).—"No doubt; but isn't a poem of only two feet rather short?"—N. Y. Tribune.

—Sunday School Teacher.—"What are we to understand by this passage: 'Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss?'—Precocious Boy.—"Ought to ask a widow?"—Credul' Lost.

—Young Doctor.—"Do you have much difficulty in making your patients do what you want them to do?" Old Doctor.—"Yes; particularly when I send in my bills."—Philadelphia Press.

—Jobby.—"Lopper, what do they have to have a man to pray for congress for?" Mr. Perry.—"They don't. He takes a look at congress and then prays for the country."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Patient.—"Doctor, do you think I will recover?" Dr. Sonner.—"Yes; I am sure of it. You are the 40th. One in 40 recovers from your disease, and the 39 that I have treated are all dead."—Texas Sifter.

—Laura.—"said the fond mother, 'what are the intentions of that young man you are permitting to call on you so often?'—Never mind that, mother," answered the maiden; "I know what my intentions are."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Trouble Ahead.—"Is that De Fitz coming here again to-night, Ethel?" "Yes, papa, and I hope you'll be nice to him, for he's a real swell." "All right, but if he stays as late as he did last night he'll be a howling swell."

—And the name is to be—? asked the suave minister, as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and founness. "Augustus Philip Ferdinand Codrington Chesterfield Livingston Snooks." "Dear, dear!" (turning to the sexton): "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."—Tit-Bits.

—Chattie.—"I hear that old De Cash is dead." Chinlie.—"Yes, died yesterday, and his widow has retained me to contest his will." Chattie.—"Eh? I always understood he intended to leave his young wife his entire fortune?" Chinlie.—"So he did; but it was on condition that she should not marry again."

BURNING THE WHITE DOG.

A Superstitious Indian Ceremony Still Practiced in New York.

The stranger to the Onondaga Indian reservation would have been mystified one night recently could he have seen the strange spectacle of weird lights flickering about the hillsides of the red men and heard the old incantations of half a dozen big bucks, who made the echoes repeat themselves. All these strange events were accomplished by the sounds of the tom-tom.

To the person up to date in Indian customs it was known that the medicine men of the Six Nations were observing the annual ceremony of chasing out the witches and devils. All the hullahalloos was with that in prospect. Most of the ceremonies were performed with the medicine men in full panoply of the trillies they represented. In older times this was the ceremony to which so much objection was taken, as it was said to be accompanied by the wildest revelries and practices of the most obscene nature. So strenuous has been this opposition that the pagans have been obliged to abridge their former habits and customs.

To this day the Bears, the Peavers, the Wolves, the Snipes and the half a dozen other clans of the Iroquois nation gather at the council house, where the annual ceremony of burning the white dog is held. It is followed by a big jollification pow-wow. The custom seems not to have lost any of its flavor, and the council house is scarcely big enough to hold those who wish to take part. In former times the dog was burned alive, but now the dog is killed by one of the sachems and highly decorated with dabs of red paint and ribbons. He is put in hiding in a near-by house, and at the proper time all the clans gather and proceed to the house, where the sacrificial dog lays. Pipes and tobacco are strewn about him, and the Indians dance and sing strange songs. The medicine man makes a brief speech, and then the procession, headed by two brawny bucks carrying the dog depending from a long pole moves to the council house, where there are further ceremonies, and the white dog is thrust into a modern box stove and incinerated amid the yelling, dancing, singing and quaint music of these rude people. On another stove in another end of the council house are big seething kettles of maize, peas, pork and beans. After the dancing is over each member of the party is given a pail of the strange mixture and this is taken to their homes, to be eaten at their leisure. This is their annual feast, or white dog meat. In former times the dog was eaten, but that custom fell into disuse long ago.

It seems that there must be a second effort to banish the witches and devils, and ten nights hence the same ceremony is gone through with, in even greater detail. A house-to-house visit is made, and the medicine men crawl about the floor under the beds and in every conceivable out-of-the-way place in their efforts to chase out witches and devils. When this is done another big jollification dance is held, and then the witches and devils are supposed to be banished for the year.—Syracuse Herald.

One Possible Exception.

"Terrible cold!" cried Mr. Tuckerman, as he met the minister; "everything's frozen over at last, I'm certain."

But the minister shook his head doubtfully. "You mustn't make that an excuse for staying away from church any longer," he said, warningly.

Bargains!

Here are Bargains

That Out-Bargain All Bargains.

Light Colored Calicos, value 5c at.....	\$.37 1/2
Blue Calicos, value 6c at.....	.41 1/2
2000 yards Remnants, value 6 to 9c at...	.05
Boys' Knee Pants, value 35c at.....	.18
Men's Satin Calf Shoes, value \$1.50....	.85
Men's Pants, value 2.00, at.....	1.00
Men's Union League Shirts, value \$1.00..	.37
Men's Satine Shirts, (black), " 75c at	.37
Men's Flannel Shirts, value 50 to 75c at.	.25
Men's Black and Tan Hose, value 15c at.	.05
Ladies' British Hose, value 25c at.....	.05
Children's All-wool Hose, 20 to 35c at..	.10
Infants' All-wool Hose, value 20c at.....	.05
Men's Hose, value 35c at.....	.10

Similar Bargains in Every Department.

Cash Department Store.

MOTTO:—Under-buy and Under-sell.

A SET OF ROGUES

BY FRANK BARRETT

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(CONTINUED.)

When he had ducked his head in a bowl of water and got out of the room below, we went to the door, and there, to my dismay, I found the lock fast and the key which I had left in its socket gone.

"What's amiss, Kit?" asks Dawson, perceiving my consternation. "The key, the key!" says I, holding the candle here and there to look it on the floor, then giving up my search as it struck me that Mr. Godwin and Moll could not have left the house had the door been locked on the inside. "I do believe we are locked in and made prisoners."

"Why, sure, this is not Mr. Godwin's doing!" cries he. "This Simon," says I, with conviction, seeing him again in my mind, standing behind Mr. Godwin, with wicked triumph in his face. "Is there no other door but this one?" asks Dawson.

"There is one at the back, but I have never yet opened that for lack of a key." And now setting one thing against another and recalling how I had before found the door open, when I felt sure I had locked it fast, the truth appeared to



They part silently.

me—namely, that Simon had that key and did get in the back way, going out by the front on that former occasion in haste upon some sudden alarm.

"Is there never a window we can slip through?" asks Jack.

"Only those above stairs. The lower are all barred."

"A fig for his head. Does he think we have neither hands nor wits to be hindered by this silly woman's trick?"

"This is a little trick. He's not the man to do an idle thing. There's mischief in this."

"What mischief can he do us more than he has done, for I see his hand in our misfortune? What mischief, I say! Out with it, man, for your looks betray a fear of something worse."

"Faith, Jack, I dread he has gone to fetch help and will lodge us in jail for this business."

"Jail!" cries he in a passion of desperation. "Why, this will undo Moll forever. Her husband can never forgive her putting such shame upon him. Rouse yourself, man, from your stupor. Get me something in the shape of a hammer, for God's sake, that we may burst our way from this accursed trap!"

I thought me of an ax for splitting wood that lay in the kitchen, and fetching it quickly I put it in his hand. Bidding me stand aside, he let fly at the door like a madman. The splinter flew, but the door held good, and when he staid a moment to take a new grip on his ax I heard a clamor of voices outside—Simon's, higher than the rest, crying, "My new door, that cost me seven and eightpence!"

"The lock, the lock!" says I. "Strike that off."

Down came the ax, striking a spark of fire from the lock, which fell with a clatter at the next blow, but ere we had time to open the door Simon and his party, entering by the back door, forced us to turn for our defense. Perceiving Dawson armed with an ax, however, these fellows paused, and the leader, whom I recognized for the constable of our parish, carrying a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other, cried to us in the king's name to surrender ourselves.

"Take us if you can," cries Dawson, "and the Lord have mercy on the first who comes within my reach!"

Defiant enough old Simon, snatching the fellow's cap who stood next him, flings it at the candle that stands flaring on the floor and jostles the constable's lantern from his hand, so that in a moment we were all in darkness. Taking us at this disadvantage, for Dawson dare not lay about him with his axe, for fear of hitting me by misadventure, the rascals closed at once, and a most bloody, desperate fight ensued.

For, after the first onslaught, in which Dawson, dropping his ax, as being useless at such close quarters, and I grappled each our man, the rest, knowing not friend from foe in the obscurity and urged on by fear, fell upon each other, this one striking out at the first he met, and that giving as good as he had taken, and so all fell a mauling and tearing with such lust of vengeance that presently the whole place was of an uproar with the din of cursing, howling and hard blows. For my own part I had old Simon to deal with, as I knew at once by the cold, gray feel of his leather jerkin, he being enraged to make me his prisoner for the ill I had done him. Hocking his horny fingers about my throat, he clung to me like any wildcat, but stumbling shortly over two who were rolling on the floor we went down both with a crack, and with such violence that he, being underneath, was stunned by the fall. Then, my blood boiling at this treatment, I got astride

of him and roasted his ribs royally, and with more force than ever I had conceived myself to be possessed of, and growing beside myself with this passion of war I do think I should have pounded him into a pulp but that two other constables, falling across me with their whole weight, knocked all the wind out of my body, oppressing me so grievously that 'twas as much as I could do to draw myself out of the fury and get a gasp of breath again.

About this time the uproar began to subside, for those who had got the worst of the battle thought it advisable to sneak out of the house for safety, and those who had fared better, fearing a reverse of fortune, counted they had done enough for this bout, and so also withdrew.

"Are you living, Kit?" asks Dawson then.

"Are," says I as valiantly as you please, "and ready to fight another half dozen such rascals," but pulling the broken door open, all the same, to get out the easier in case they returned.

"Why, then, let's go," says he, "unless any is minded to leave us stay."

No one responding to this challenge, we made add to find a couple of hats and cloaks for our use and sallied out.

"Which way do we turn?" asks Dawson as we come into the road.

"Whither would you go, Jack?"

"Why, to warn Moll of her danger, to be sure."

I apprehended no danger to her and believed her husband would defend her in any case better than we could, but Dawson would have it we should warn them, and so we turned toward the court. And now upon examination we found we had come very well out of this fight, for save that the wound in Dawson's hand had been opened afresh we were neither much the worse.

"But let us set our best foot foremost, Jack," says I, "for I do think we have done more mischief tonight than any we have before, and I shall not be greatly surprised if we are called to account for the death of old Simon or some of his hirelings."

"I know not how that may be," says he, "but I must answer for knocking of somebody's teeth out."

CHAPTER XXXII

In the midst of our journey I was greatly scared by perceiving a clocked figure coming hurriedly toward us in the dim light.

"This another, come to succor his friends," whispers I. "Let us step into this hedge."

"Too late," returns he. "Put on a bold face. 'Tis only one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ed. Rogers was laid up with grip last week but is now able to attend to the wants of his patrons.

The Brown-Kobbinas Lumber Co. have finished their winter's cut on the Soo Line and broke camp Monday.

E. C. Bowen, of Springfield, Ill., was in the city a few days this week. He represents Rogers Bros. of that city.

A parlor musical entertainment will be given at the residence of S. H. Alban Tuesday evening, March 18, for the benefit of the M. E. church renovating fund. Admission 15c.

Rev. Thomas G. Grasse, of Ashland, Congregational Superintendent of Home Missions for Northern Wisconsin, will preach at Union church next Sunday morning and evening.

Look out for "The Hughes Family" at the opera house, Wednesday, March 11. The entertainment is given by the young people of the Methodist church and admission only ten cents.

Last season Dr. L. Hall, druggist of West Lebanon, Indiana, sold four gross of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says every bottle of it gave perfect satisfaction. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

In order to fully realize the great bargains which are being offered in the lines of furniture, crockery, glassware, lamps, notions, etc., etc., you will do well to call at your earliest convenience at the old bank building, where the goods above mentioned are being sold regardless of cost. The stock, as was announced last week, was purchased entire from F. D. Verran by Robert Chas. of this city, and Mr. Chas. is making every effort in the way of low prices to sell it. Since our last publication crowds have patronized the store, but there is still an immense quantity of goods to be disposed of.

Teacher's Examination.

The spring examination for teachers in Oneida county will be held in the High School building, city of Rhinelander, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 1 and 2, 1905. Doors will be opened on the morning of the 1st at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of registering, and paying the fee of one dollar required by law.

Applicants will take notice that the percent of standing required at this examination is as follows: For First and Second grades, 75; for Third grade, 65.

No standing will be accepted, on any subject without, below 75.

Ordinary will be partly oral in connection with writing.

Penmanship will be judged partly by papers presented.

A careful study of the manual is recommended. F. M. Massey, County Supt.

Rhinelander, Wis., March 2, 1905. Rhin-ml-5

WANTED.—Position by a Stationary Engineer. Married man and temperate, thoroughly understands the management of dynamo, nine years experience. Can give A No. 1 references. Cross, Badger & Co. last employers. Address, R. C. J., Box 23, Hawthorne, Wis.

Last Saturday Mrs. N. Didier received \$1,071.00 from The Bankers Life Association, of Des Moines, Iowa, that being the amount of the policy held by her late husband. The payment was made within five days after receiving notice of Mr. Didier's death. The Bankers Life Association has made a good reputation for itself by its promptness in paying claims.

Not to be Trifled With. (From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a "cold" is an accident to be dreaded, and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are today countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurrence gave no concern, and were therefore neglected.

When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale at Palace Drug Store.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received by the WISCONSIN RIVER DRIVING ASSOCIATION at its office in Merrill, Wis., for driving all logs that may be turned over to the said company to be driven during the season of 1906 between Lake Vieux Desert and Tomahawk, on the main Wisconsin river. Said bids to be opened March 4, 1906. The right to reject any and all bids reserved. Further information if necessary can be secured by addressing the Secretary at Merrill, Wis.

WISCONSIN RIVER DRIVING ASSN. By H. H. FOSTER, Sec'y.

23 ml

Cheap Excursions to the West and South.

On March 10 and April 7, 1905, the North-Western Line will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to a large number of points in the West and South at very low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents, C. & N. W. R'y.

127 ml-23 ml-24.

"Breaks Up" Colds.

Dr. Humphreys' Specific "77" "breaks up" a cold that "hangs out" fits your vest pocket. For sale by all druggists.

IN PROBATE.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, COUNTY COURT, For Oneida County.

Notice is hereby given that, at a general term of the County Court, to be held in and for said county, at the office of the County Judge, in the City of Rhinelander, in said county, on the 14th day of April, 1905, (being the 7th day of April, 1905, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following matter will be heard and considered: The petition of Catharine Diller for letters of administration on the estate of Nicholas Diller, deceased. JAS. W. McCORMICK, County Judge. Dated Feb. 20, 1905. Rhin-ml-24.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment

Is unequalled for Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Nipples, Clapped Nipples, Itching Ears, Burns, Frost Bites, Chronic Sore Eyes and Granulated Eye Lids. For sale by druggists at 25 cents per box.

TO HOUSE OWNERS.

For putting a home in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cole's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked home. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

of Rhinelander.

Capital and Surplus \$50,000. Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Bank Corner Davenport and Stevens Streets.

MERCHANTS STATE BANK,

Capital \$50,000. Surplus \$30,000.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Rhinelander, Wis.

Physicians.

T. B. MCINDOE,

Physician & Surgeon, Rhinelander, Wis.

Office Corner Brown and Davenport Streets.

S. R. STONE,

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

Special attention given to Chronic Troubles. Telephone No. 1, 102, 2nd floor.

MERCHANTS STATE BANK BUILDING, RHINELANDER.

F. L. HINMAN,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in Hinman Building, opp. Post Office. Night Calls answered from residence—Hinman Building, opp. P. O. (up-stairs).

Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

DR. KOPELMAN

Office in Briggs' Block, North Side.

I carry a full line of Drugs and Patent Medicines. Also the very latest and Wall Paper from the lowest. Call and see me.

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Special attention paid to domestic law and contracts. Rhin-ml-24.

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